

G O D S L O V E T O L O N D O N :

O R,

Londons Comforter.

Beloved City, though mine Arrows flie
So thick about thee, thousands weekly die,
And Death walks daily in thy open streets,
Would be destroying every one he meets,
And with his Club doth march thy streets around,
And all he can he fells unto the ground;
Yet still to seek my face thy mind is bent,
To trust in me thou wholly art intent;
Thy *Lamentation* clearly lets me see
Thou doest return with loyal heart to me.
Proceed, O *London*! but a little while,
Upon my word, thou shalt perceive my smile.
That domineering Giant I will fell,
And with one stroke I'll strike him down to Hell.
Then fear not, *London*! I'm thy Rock and Aid,
I will not fail thee, be not thou afraid:
My love to thee is more then thou doest know;
A little while, and thou shalt find it so.
I see how earnestly thou doest repent,
And how thy love most cordially is bent
To seek my glory: Now it doth appear.
Cheer up thy heart, thou art to me most dear.
Then droop not in despair, be not dismayd;
I am thy Saviour, be not thou afraid.
Thy *Lamentation*, and thy good desire,
Hath set my *Love* and *Mercy* all on fire.
As I am God, I never will thee fail,
But will consume thy foes, as with a Flail,
And make them flee as chaff before the wind;
For in thy sorrows they were most unkind.
Yet I'll not fail, I will not thee forsake;
Thou of rich shows of Mercies shalt partake,
And feel my love, my favour, and my smile,
Though at this time I frown on thee a while.
I do observe thy sorrow and thy tears,
How thy sad looks a mournful Livery wears;
I see thy countenance, and how thou'rt bent
To stick unto me with a full intent.
In truth I love thee; then esteem it so:
I will thee ease before I from thee go:
I will not fail thee, as I am thy God,
Nor will I long chastise thee with my Rod;
For thou, and all the world, shall ever see,
I will not fail them that do trust in me.
Therefore take comfort in thy greatest trouble;
For, for thy sorrows I thy joys will double.
I'm glad to see thy love, and thy good will,
And how that thou and thine my House doth fill,
And do frequent it every Day of mine,
Both thou, and all the family that's thine;
And with subjection doest thy self submit
Unto my will, and reverently doest sit
To hear my sacred Word, and there doest stay
To have a Blessing e're thou go'st away.
I do take notice how dead Corps's flie
About thy streets, and how many do die

In ev'ry day; I see how they abound,
And take account how many go to th'ground:
I daily see how Father, and the Mother,
The Son, the Daughter, Sister, and the Brother,
Dowring their hands, their hearts are so perplext
For their dead Friends, and fear they may be next:
Thy Tears into my Bottle I do put;
I hear thy Cries, my ears shall not be shut.
As many days as thou hast punishment,
So many years thou shalt have hearts-content.
And if thou wilt submit thy self to me,
Such joy and comfort thou e're long shalt see,
As will thee ravish, make thee leap for joy:
For thy grand Enemy I will destroy;
Nay, thou thy self shalt fell him at thy foot,
And I'll stand by, and help thee for to do't.

Three smooth white Stones go fetch, and to me bring
Without delay, put them into a Sling;
Be not afraid, for I'll stand by thy side,
And when thou throwest, I the Stone will guide:
Faith, *Prayer*, and *Repentance*, these three will
Fly with such force, thy Enemy they'll kill:
These Stones will kill him sooner then a Dart,
If they be thrown out of an *humble Heart*;
That great *Goliath* at thy feet shall fall,
Though he be ne'r so strong, or ne'r so tall:
Thou shalt his Neck break, and cut off his Head,
And trample on him when he lieth dead.

LONDONS humble Reply.

Vhat Love unspeakable, what store of Pity
Thou pourest forth on me, a sinful City!
For what am I, that thou should'st me regard?
My Prayers are not worthy to be heard.
My heart is ravish'd with those words of grace
Thou now hast utter'd; and thy smiling face
Hath so reviv'd me, that in thee I joy:
For thou hast taught me how I shall destroy
My envious Foe, and promisest me aid,
Bids me take comfort, and not be afraid.
Is there a City this day under Sun,
That hath a God so good? nay, if one run
And search the Worlds vast bulk, he ne'r shall see
That God did more for any then for me.
I glory in my God; though now in trouble
My grief is great, my inward joys are double:
Although at present he doth let me blood,
It is for my Souls health, and for my good.
It's better I a while endure this sore,
Then with sharp punishment in Hell to roar.
I do commit my self, good Lord, to thee,
And daily hope I shall thy goodness see.

FINIS.